



THE MAID OF BONCLODY

Were you ever at the moss house where the
birds do increase
At the foot of mount leinster or some silent
place
Near the shores of Bonclody where all plea-
sures do meet
And all I request is our kiss from you sweet

If I was in Bonclody I would think myself at
home
It's there I would have sweet-hearts but here
I have none
Drinking strong liquer in the height of my
cheer
Here's a health to Bonclody & the maid I love
dear

The cuckoo is a pretty bird it sings as it flies
It brings us good tidings & tells us no lies,
It sucks the young birds eggs to make its voice
clear
And it never cries cuckoo till the summer days
near

If I was a clerk & could write a small hand
I would write to my true love that she might
understand
I am a young fellow who is wounded in love
I once lived in Bonclody but now I must rove

If I was a lark & had wings I then could fly,
I would go to your harbour where my love she
does lie
I'd proceed to your harbour where my true love
does lie
And on her fond bosom contented I would lie

The reason my love elights me as you may un-
derstand
She has got a finehold & I have no land
She has a great store of riches & a large sum of
gold
And every thing fitting a house to uphold

So fare you well father & likewise mother
So good be sister as I have no brother
I am bound for America my fortune to try
When I think on Bonclody & must say good bye